

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

Entered second class mail at Charleroi, June 18, 1908, according to Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. 8 No. 281

CHARLEROI WASHINGTON CO., PA. MONDAY, JULY 6, 1908

One Cent

FALLS OFF BOAT INTO RIVER AND IS DROWNED

While wrestling on "The Gazelle," a small steamer on the Monongahela river about two miles below Fredericksburg Saturday night about 9 o'clock, George Davis, of Zollarsville, and had been employed at Brownsville for the past year.

The remains were taken last evening to the home of the sorrowing parents of Zollarsville.

It was at first reported that the man drowned was Walter Davis and the mistake was not discovered until the arrival of the father who identified the body as that of his older son, George. Walter Davis had been in Brownsville with his brother for the past three weeks, but had gone to Pittsburgh to spend the Fourth.

Deputy Coroner V. E. Reeves of Charleroi was called for and investigated the matter as to how the boy came to his death. His finding was that death was accidental.

COMPANY A. OF NATIONAL GUARD MAY LOCATE HERE

BOARD OF HEALTH ORGANIZES FRIDAY NIGHT FOR YEAR

It is possible that a company of the National Guard may be located in Charleroi, it being reported that Company A which has been stationed at Monongahela, is to be removed, and Charleroi as well as other towns are trying hard to land it. Donora and West Elizabeth are two of the towns named who want the company.

It is stated by those who have given the matter some attention that Charleroi might land the company if the proper effort were made. There

are a number of young fellows here sufficiently equipped to become members, and no difficulty would be experienced in seeing the organization recruited up to a high standard. The location of the company here would give an opportunity to get a State armory building, which, it is stated, Monongahela has never been able to accomplish for some unexplained reasons. The company would give the town some additional prestige, and a little military pomp would add color and tone to the civic and public demonstrations for which the Magic City is famous. An armory building would be an additional point, in favor of a county seat when the new county of Knox is organized.

Rise of Little Benefit.

While there was a rising tendency on the local rivers yesterday, due to recent rains, the increase did not amount to anything and was of little benefit to rivermen. Very little boat movement took place, and even the excursion business was light. The heat and atmospheric stillness served to keep many persons away from the water during the day, but in the evening they appeared in pleasure craft.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Chalfant and baby Alvera, of Fallowfield avenue returned Saturday from near Streator, Ill., where they visited Mrs. Edith Reeves.

WANTED—A middle aged woman for general work in kitchen, at the Saxon Cafe, 421 McLean avenue. 281f

Annual Clearance Sale of Fine China, Cut Glass, and Silverware. Watch window for Sale Prices. Laird's, 519 McLean avenue. 2802.

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CHARLEROI DIVIDES WITH UNIONTOWN

Charleroi won the morning game from Uniontown, July 4th, by superior playing and consistent hitting, coupled with the pitching of Willis Humphries, who held the Uniontowners down to five hits. The game was a nice one, and intensely interesting. It was Charleroi's from the startoff, when Nally, the first up, connected went to second on Cosgrove's sacrifice and scored when Dunn knocked out a two bagger. In the fifth two more runs were added on two hits and an error. Uniontown's hits were much scattered, and all for one base. Gillingham disputed Umpire Holland's decision at second in the fifth and was benched for the remainder of the game.

The tale of the afternoon game is a little different. Bert Humphries pitched good ball for Charleroi, but bunched hits in the first, second and third innings proved his undoing. But for the poor fielding back of Kruger, he would have had a shutout. Scores:

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r.....	1	1	1	0	0
Cosgrove, 2.....	1	1	2	6	1
O'Hare, m.....	1	1	2	0	0
Dunn, s.....	0	3	3	3	0
Robb, l.....	0	1	9	1	0
Heinz, 1.....	0	0	9	0	1
Dailey, c.....	0	1	5	0	0
Urban, 3.....	0	1	1	0	0
W. Humphries, p.....	0	1	3	0	0
Totals	3	10	24	13	2

UNIONTOWN	R	H	P	A	E
Roberts, m-2.....	0	1	2	2	0
Gilligan, 2.....	0	2	3	3	0
Frankenberry, c.....	0	0	0	0	0
Hilley, 3.....	0	2	2	0	0
Rudolph, l.....	0	1	3	0	0
Phillips, r.....	0	0	2	0	0
Cowan, s.....	0	0	1	1	0
Price, l.....	0	0	5	0	1
Redman, c-m.....	0	0	3	0	0
Yoedt, p.....	0	0	3	1	0
Totals	0	6	21	9	2

Charleroi.....1 0 0 0 2 0 0 *-3

Uniontown.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Two-base hits—Dunn, Dailey. Double plays—Heinz, Humphries and Heinz; Dunn, Cosgrove and Heinz. First base on balls—Off Humphries 2, off Yoedt 1. Struck out—By Humphries 4, by Yoedt 3. Umpire—Holland.

Afternoon game,

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r.....	0	1	1	0	0
Cosgrove, 2.....	0	0	1	3	0
O'Hare, m.....	0	1	0	0	0
Dunn, s.....	0	2	1	3	1
Robb, l.....	0	0	3	0	0
Heinz, 1.....	1	1	13	0	0
May, c.....	0	0	3	0	0
Urban, 3.....	0	0	1	0	0
W. Humphries, p.....	0	2	1	4	0
Totals	1	7	24	10	1

UNIONTOWN R H P A E

Gilligan, 2.....2 1 3 3 0

Hilley, 3.....0 0 0 1 1

Rudolph, l.....1 1 0 0 0

Phillips, r.....2 0 0 0 0

Roberts, m.....1 1 2 0 0

Cowan, s.....0 0 1 5 1

Price, J.....0 0 13 0 0

Redman, c.....0 2 4 0 0

Kruger, p.....0 0 4 3 0

Totals 4 7 27 12 2

Uniontown.....1 1 1 0 0 0 0 *-4

Charleroi.....0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1

Two-base hits—Roberts, Rudolph, Dunn, Phillips. Three-base hits—Gilligan, Sacrifice hits—Cowan, Hille, Rudolph, Kruger. Stolen bases—Gilligan, Heinz, Cowan. Double play—Cowan and Price. Bases on balls—Kruger 1. Struck out—By Kruger 3, by Humphries 3. Passed ball—May. Umpire—Holland.

Hayden.

M. J. Hayden, of Finleyville, a well known hotel proprietor died last evening at 11 o'clock at the Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh. The funeral services will be held Wednesday at the St. Francis church, Finleyville. The body will then be taken to St. Mary's Cemetery, Pittsburgh, where the interment will be.

Mr. Hayden is one of the hotel proprietors who were thrown out of a license last fall by the court.

Read The Mail.

MAY BE AN ATTEMPT TO BLACKMAIL

NO ACCIDENTS IN CHARLEROI TO MAR ENJOYMENT OF 4TH

The Fourth of July passed off quietly in Charleroi, there being few occurrences to mar the enjoyment of the day. Not a single accident so far as can be learned was reported as occurring within the city limits, the reason perhaps being that the proclamation issued on Thursday by Burgess Hott was followed by celebrators. One man was arrested for firing a shot gun on the evening of July 3rd.

During the day there were nine arrests for drunkenness. A fight occurred on the hill near the coal tipple between two foreigners, John Popovick and Mike Siprock being the principals. Both had a little of the fuzzy wuzzy bug juice tacked in their tankers, and when the latter went to the back door, Mrs. Ojon was crying. Mrs. Ojon made information before Mayor Ellwood of Monongahela, and Yohe was arrested, but the affair was settled before it went to a hearing. Wemes, who is a brother of Mrs. Ojon heard of the occurrence and brought suit before Alderman Day, with the result of Yohe's being held.

Mrs. Ojon was examined by a doctor who stated that the woman was only frightened. The friends of the accused man regard the affair as an attempt at blackmail.

WANTED PEOPLE OF THIS PLACE TO UNDERSTAND

Editor Mail:

An article was published in the Mail Monday, June 29, stating that two Charleroi boys, Scott Workmen and William Gilmore were caught trying to break and enter the wharf house, and were held for court under \$300 bail. The former, one was not caught trying to enter the building and I wish to have the statement corrected, so the people of Charleroi may not have any false impressions. My son, Mr. Workmen was never before arrested and I think it is doing him an injustice to make a statement which is so harmful to his character.

Of the other young man, I know nothing.

Mrs. Workmen.

HORMELL DESCENDENTS HOLD REUNION

The sons and daughters of the late Jacob and Minerva Hormell held a reunion Saturday at the home of one of the former, Eli Hormell, at Coal Centre. A big dinner was served and the afternoon and evening spent in various ways. The reunion was the first time the sons and daughters had met since a similar affair five years ago.

Dunlevy And Monongahela Divide.

Dunlevy and Monongahela divided Saturday in two games, the former winning the morning game, by the score of 2-0 on their grounds and the latter a rattling twelve inning contest at the Monongahela park, by the score of 1-0. The pitcher, for both teams performed well.

Always keep a bottle of L. W. HARPER whiskey in sight. Good to look at and good to taste; and what is more a benefit to your health. Sold by W. H. Zellers. 2532 W. 21st.

Old Home Week at Carnegie

Carnegie, the hustling metropolis of the Chartiers valley, is making extensive arrangements of an Old Home Week celebration during the week of August 23-29th, the affair being in the hands of the most prominent business and professional men of the town.

The intention is to send personal invitations to former residents who are now scattered throughout every state of the Union as well as in foreign lands, asking them to return and act as the honor guests during the week. A special invitation has also been extended to Andrew Carnegie, in whose honor the town was named 14 years ago, at the time of the consolidation of the towns of Mansfield and Chartiers, and it is possible he will deliver an address during the week in the magnificent hall in Carnegie which bears his name.

Annual Clearance Sale of Fine China, Cut Glass, and Silverware. Watch window for Sale Price. Laird's, 519 McLean avenue. 2802.

WALL CLOCKS

What's so reliable as the calm dial of a faithful clock as you hurry out to business in the morning or its smiling greeting on your return? We offer them with large, clear deals handsomely framed, as hanging clocks—others as standing clocks. Handsome mantel clocks, too, in exquisite frames, and as accurate time keepers as our wall clocks. Here's a display of clocks, beautiful, useful, at prices that put to shame even that precious article—fleeting time. You can't get lost buying one of these clocks.

Manufacturing Jewelers



JOHN S. SCHAFER,
Bell Phone 103-W
Charleroi Phone 103

After July 5, 1908. This store will close every evening at 6 o'clock.

Monday and Saturday.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

A Republican Newspaper.

Published Daily Except Sunday by
MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Daily Mail Building, Fifth Street,
CHARLEROI, PA.

Tom P. Sloan, President
W. H. Sharpnack, Sec'y & Treas.
Harry E. Price, Business Manager

Entered in the Post Office at Charleroi, Pa.
Second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year..... \$3.00
6 Months..... 1.50
3 Months..... .75

All subscriptions payable in advance.
Delivered by carrier in Charleroi at 45
cts per week.

Communications of public interest are al-

ways welcome, but as an evidence of good

and fair dealing we do not necessarily publish

or invariably bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES

Bell 76 Charleroi 76

Member of Monongahela Valley Press
Association

Advertising Rates:

DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, di-
vision. Rates for large space con-
tracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as
business local news, notices of meetings,
resolutions of respect, cards of
thanks, etc., 5 cent per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official
and similar advertising, including
that in settlement of estates, public
sales, live stock and estate notices,
bank notices, notices to teachers, 10
cents per line, first insertion; 5 cent
a line, each additional insertion.

Local Agencies

Geo. S. Might..... Charleroi
Glyde Collins..... Speci-
M. Dooley..... Dunlevy
Justave Clements..... Lock No. 4

July 6 in History.

1802—General Daniel Morgan, Amer-
ican Revolutionary Hero, died; born
1736.

1835—John Marshall, noted chief justice
of the United States, died in
Philadelphia; born 1755.

1893—Guy de Maupassant, a master in
the French school of naturalistic
writers, died in Paris; born 1850.

1906—The remains of Paul Jones form-
ally delivered to the United States
government by France.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 7:30, rises 4:32; moon sets
12:08 a. m.; moon's age 9 days; 3:25
p. m., eastern time, moon at first quarter;
10 p. m., planet Neptune in con-
junction with the sun, changing from
east to west; 6 a. m., planet Uranus at
opposition with the sun, 180 degrees
distant.

Another "Device."

A few weeks ago the Courts of
Washington county, in an opinion
delivered on the sale of liquor, said
"the beer agent was merely a device
to evade the law," and thundered out
that he should be prosecuted. The beer
agent, in consequence thereof, fled in
what Rufus Choate called "terrific and
tumultuous haste" from Washington
county. There are other "devices" it
seems.

May it please the honorable Court,
a newspaper of general circulation in
Washington county, controlled by
Congressman Acheson, stated in the
most positive manner that several coal
companies in Washington county owned
and conducted supply stores in open
and direct defiance of company store
Act 1891.

The newspaper went further than
that. It stated as plainly as language
can state anything that these supply
stores were "devices to evade the law"
and in them bare-faced swindles and
extortions are habitually practiced up
on innocent and unsophisticated people.
The statements were direct, positive
assertions, accompanied by names and
places and acts. There cannot be the
slightest doubt of whom are doing
ing those unlawful acts or where they
are done—nothing was left to guess-
work.

In addition the same newspaper
printed an illustration showing a state
of affairs on Chartiers creek, which
has all of the elements necessary to
create an epidemic of typhoid fever in
this county.

Almost any one has the courage to
kick a howling cur running and yelp-
ing down the street but it is an entire-
ly different proposition to attempt to
take a bone away from a growling bull
dog. Now the state of affairs set forth
in Congressman Acheson's paper are
either true or false. It is the sworn
duty of the Courts of any county to
investigate charges made by responsible
parties about such a state of affairs
publicly stated to exist in Washington
county. You have the power to em-
panel a special Grand Jury to investi-
gate and indict any person or persons
whose acts publicly stated to be
done by the coal companies

of Washington county.

If you desire the aid of the State,
you have an advantage in that the com-
plaisant Mr. Carson is no longer At-
torney General to render your attem-
pt abortive by an opinion about "a
citizen," as he did in the case from
Fayette county against the Frick Su-
ply store.

The good name of Washington coun-
ty demands the truth or falsity of the
charges made in Congressman Acheson's
paper be cleared up. If true, to
punish the perpetrators; if false, to
transfer the stigma where it belongs.
The responsibility for doing this rests
upon our county courts and no one
else. They have shown that they have
power to demolish one "device to
evade" one law, and by analogy
they must have the power to squash
another kind of "device to evade" an
other law. That is to say, they have
kicked the cur, they must also take
the bone from the bulldog.

Was Done Before.

The canalization of the Yon-
ghioheny river has but one objection
offered to it and that objection is the
rapid fall of the river for a short dis-
tance above West Newton.

It does not seem possible that the
engineers of to-day are less bold in
conception and execution than those of
the early years of the last century.
For instance: The distance between
Horseheads, N. Y., and Seneca Lake
is about twelve miles. The difference
in elevation between them is approx-
imately eight hundred feet. About
sixty years ago a canal was built and
successfully operated between the two
places for many years and millions of
tons of coal were shipped on it. It
was finally abandoned some years ago
when the coal companies built a rail-
road between Corning and Syracuse.

It is safe to say that there is not that
much fall in the Yonghioheny river
between McKeesport and the West
Virginia line. The opponents of the
project to canalize the river will have
to raise some stronger objection than
that of too much grade before they can
hope to successfully combat it.

The recent shipments by water from
manufacturing plants in Charleroi and
near-by towns are but a drop in the
bucket compared to what will follow
when a nine-foot stage is established
between Pittsburgh and Cairo.

A Great Loss.

The death of Joel Chandler Harris
"Uncle Remus" is a great loss to all
who love animals and clean, whole-
some merry tales about them. Not
since the days of Aesop has any writer
even approached "Uncle Remus." His
tales of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox are
immortal and will never cease to
amuse and charm.

Short Arm Jolt.

Your Uncle Guffey may be a dis-
turbler and all that and then some but
he certainly landed a short arm jolt on
the Peerless One's midriff that put him
down for the count in the estimation
of all who believe that "ingratitude
is the basest of all crimes."

Stirred Them Up.

Did you ever go near a setting hen
and see her feathers ruffle and hear her
querulous protests when you disturbed
her? Well, that is what the Wash-
ington boro hen done when the Char-
leroi Mirror said "new country."

At Long Range.

"I see you read a great deal of min-
ing literature."

"Yes."

"Did you ever go prospecting for
gold?"

"No; I can lose enough time and
money merely prospecting."—Wash-
ington Star.

The Spare Room.

Like Bluebeard's secret chamber locked
up tight, kept all the year without a speck of
light.

A perfectly Imperial brass bed,

With downy pillows and a snowy spread,

A gorgeous bureau redolent of pine,

A couch on which 'twere barbarous to re-
cline.

Some chairs that cost—well, goodness
knows the sum;

The furniture upholstered in rich plum—

It's worth your life to even peep in there.

That showy, useless room that's called
"the spare."

—La Touche Hancock in New York
Press.

Unpoetic.

"Don't you enjoy the glories of sum-
mer?"

"Yes," answered the unpoetic per-
son; "it is something of a comfort to
find the gas bills getting so much
smaller."—Wasp.

The Mood Of a Maid.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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Literary Press.

The girl leaned forward after scan-
ning the road in both directions and
touched the chauffeur's arm. The
great crimson car came to a panting,
deliberate standstill.

The girl did not wait for the chauffeur
to help her, but sprang lightly to
the road and vanished into the wood-
land on the right. The chauffeur turned
the car as if his thoughts were con-
centrated on the necessity of making
the smallest possible turn in time of
safety, in order to be prepared in time
of emergency. And then the great crimson
car shot back in the direction from
whence it had come.

Safely screened by the underbrush,
the girl found a clearing in the wood-
land and sat down on a moss grown
log. Deftly she unwound the swathings
of chiffon from her hat, baring
a face delicate and sensitive as the
anemones opening at her feet.

She drew off her gloves and felt of
the velvety moss on the old log, then
stooped to gather flowers. Finally,
with the blossoms forgotten in her
lap, she leaned forward, her elbows on
her knees, her chin propped in the
palms of her hands, watching the
woodland life around her.

Chipmunks and squirrels scampered
along the edge of the clearing. Where
the sun shone upon a tangle of fern
and jack in the pulpit two robins
perched prettily on dry twigs and dis-
cussed the troubles of May moving
day. From the shadows of the wood
beyond came the persistent hammering
of a woodpecker.

Beyond the screen of underbrush au-
tomobiles and smart turnouts spun on
toward the race track, where the world
of fashion was foregathered. An hour
passed, and then at the distant wall of
a peculiar stench whistled the girl sprang
to her feet, dropped her lapful of flow-
ers and ran to the roadside.

Bearing down upon her was a crimson
car, twin of the one which had
dropped her so unceremoniously an
hour earlier.

But the resemblance stopped with
the car. The chauffeur in the first car
had worn a spick span uniform in tan
color from the tips of his highly polished
boots to the crown of his heavy red
cap. The man in this car wore a dis-
reputable looking storm coat of Eng-
lish cloth, a shabby visor cap and a pair
of goggles which had certainly seen
more prosperous days.

He was scorching along at a fine
pace. But the girl calmly stepped to
the edge of the road and waved a de-
taining hand—a bare hand at that.

The machine slowed down, and the
man made preparations to descend, as
became one handed by a maiden in dis-
tress. But again the girl raised a de-
taining hand.

"My car met with an accident. I
thought perhaps—I am very anxious to
reach Dalton this afternoon. Perhaps
you were going that way. Would you
give me a lift?"

She looked up eagerly into his start-
led face. Then the man coughed discreetly,
swallowed a smile and sprang from
the machine.

"I was—or thought I was—going to
the races, but I am sure it will be
much more pleasant at—er—was it Dalton
you said?"

The man's accent was English. The
admiration in his eyes was the sort
that knows no nationality. The girl
flushed beneath it and sprang into the
car before the astonished man could
assist her.

For a few minutes the car ran on in
silence. Then the girl spoke abruptly.
"Let us take this crossroad. Then a
mile farther we will strike the old
Dalton turnpike. There we will not
meet!"

"I understand," he interrupted gravi-
ly. And the great car swerved into
the crossroad, running through a
stretch of woodland.

Again the girl seemed plunged in
thought. But at last the man remarked
a bit lazier:

"Perfect day, isn't it?"

The girl looked up at him shyly. Her
eyes were soft and luminous.

"Oh, I have had the most beautiful
hour there in the woods. I've never
seen anything half so wonderful as
those little creatures doing just as they
pleased. Just as soon as the birds
tired of one tree or bush or fern they
flew off to another. They did not mind
me nor each other. Just think of being
like that all your life!"

The man looked at her curiously, as
if she were a new specimen of the
genus feminine and entirely worthy of
deep study.

"It is all so different from what I've
been used to. I wake up knowing that
Marie will be right there with my
chocolate. And then will come card-
and mail and flowers and Aunt Mar-
garet. Of course Aunt Margaret is a
dear, but ten years of doing things
right under Aunt Margaret's eyes are
very tiresome. Don't you think so?"

"I am quite sure it must be a terrible
bore," replied the man gravely.

"And then seeing the same people
everywhere you go and being quite
sure that you will see no one that
Aunt Margaret has not seen first."

The man bit his lip at this naive con-
fession.

"Do you know," said the girl, waxing
confidential as the car lazied along over
the tree hung road, "I've always
dreamed of having a man come to
rescue just like this—a man I
never known—a man quite differ-

from any of the men I have ever
met."

She paused, and the man at her side
studied her with grave eyes.

"Now, there was Boede Stewart—
she married Jack Coghlan. They'd
gone to kindergarten and dancing
school together. And then she'd gone
to all his college 'proms' and the same
collisions. Why, it was just like marrying
some one who had lived in your
own family always."

"And now they're bored to death
with each other. They had a honey-
moon at Monte Carlo, where they had
been the year before on the Borden-
Jones yacht, and they came back to
the same old round of teas and dinners
and dances. There was no romance in
that."

The man shook his head.

"But Harriet, one of our parlor
maids, married a milier way out west.
She met him by answering an adver-
tisement in a matrimonial paper. He
came east after her, and she wrote
Marie that they were awfully happy.
He had never beaten her once."

The man flung back his head and
laughed, and the girl laughed with
him. Then suddenly she clutched his
sleeve.

"You've passed the Dalton turnpike,
and I must be at Stoneywold for
lunch."

"We are not going to Dalton," said
the man calmly. "I've been out this
way before. Just two miles beyond we
will cross the state line."

"But why? Oh, I must go on to
Stoneywold."

The man ignored the remark.

"And across the state line, I under-
stand, there is no need of a license."

"Oh!" said the girl very softly, and
the great car stopped beneath the arch
of freshly leafed trees.

He flung aside his heavy driving
gloves and took the delicate, sensitive
face of the girl between his two hands.

"Will you, dearest?"

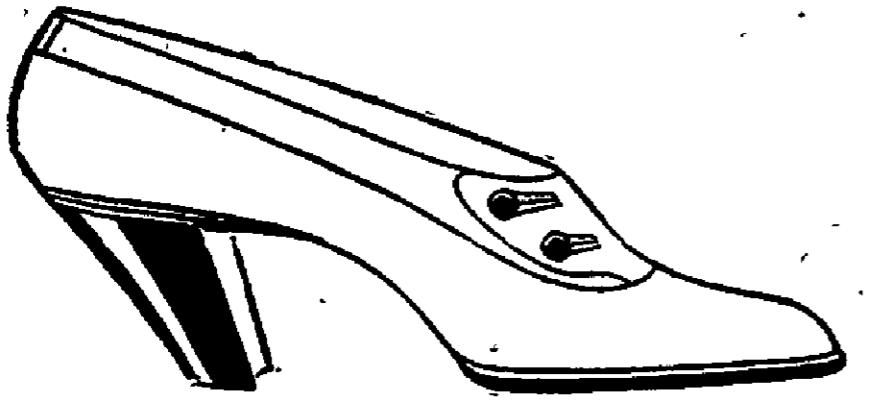
Her eyes stopped dancing and turned
wondrous tender.

"Oh, I hoped you'd understand, but I
don't dream!"

<

Special Today and Tomorrow

(Just Like Cut)



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Sample Shoe Store

A. Beigel

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Cuban Commercial Company

262 Washington Street

Boston, Mass.

The Fairy Godmother.

By JEROME SPRAGUE

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The Bible's Good Use of Words.
The Bible as a standard for the correct use of words has been urged upon readers by Professor Lounsbury of Yale, writing in Harper's Magazine. "Make up your mind," says Professor Lounsbury, "that the Bible is a guide to be followed grammatically as much as it is morally. The language of our version belongs to the sixteenth century. It therefore naturally contains expressions which, though proper at that time, are not in accord with the common usage of our day. When it was originally translated, which was generally the relative pronoun referring to persons. Hence we say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' More than this, the subtle distinction found in the employment of shall and will had not then become established in the language. But these do not affect the correctness of its procedure in regard to expressions still met with everywhere. In such cases accept its authority without question and conform your practice with it."

He Went.
Mr. Lingorlong—I had a queer adventure this afternoon. Miss de Muir (with a swift glance at the clock)—You mean yesterday afternoon, I presume. —Exchange.

The Grandest.
"What is the grandest thing in the universe?" asks Victor Hugo. "A storm at sea," he answers and continues, "And what is grander than a storm at sea?" "The enclosed heavens on a starry, moonless night." "And what is grander than these midnight skies?" "The soul of man"—a spectacular climax such as Hugo loved and still, with all its dramatic effects, the picturesque statement of a vast and sublime and mighty truth

Crazy.
Wigwag—I believe there's a tinge of insanity in all religious enthusiasts. Henpeck—Yes; take the Mormons, for instance. Any man that wants more than one wife is plumb crazy.—Philadelphia Record.

The Spoor.
"I'm gunning for railroads," announced the trust buster.
"Then come with me," whispered the near humorist. "I can show you some of their tracks."—Southwestern's Book

Trial Trips.
When a vessel is on her trial trip she runs four times over a measured mile, twice with and twice against the tide. Her average speed is thus arrived at.

talked about." Bubbles said, "or she would know right away. Do you care how much you spend, Jimmie?"

"No," he told her with the recklessness of the skilled laborer who earns his \$3 a day; "no, I don't."

"Then I'll get a robe dress of pink mull with a wreath of silver roses. She'll look like a dream, Jimmie."

"I hope she will," Jimmie said, and Bubbles sighed.

"Goodby, Jimmie," she said as she came to the tenement where she lived on the third floor.

He looked at her anxiously. "You're not cut up about not being bridesmaid, are you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No," she answered bravely.

"Well, you're pretty nice, Bubbles," he said heartily, and then he went on his way.

When Bubbles reached home she took out her hoarded store of money. With what she would add on her next pay day she would have \$10, and she could buy the hat with the white feather.

She fingered the money for a moment, and then she dropped her head on her arm with a sob, for Bubbles had wanted that hat to wear to church on Sunday morning when she sang in the choir with Jimmie Bryan. It had been for Jimmie's admiration that she had craved the pretty hat. And after all, it was Alice that Jimmie cared for.

Two days later Alice came to her counter breathlessly.

"Oh, Bubbles," she said, "such a wonderful thing has happened!"

"What?" asked Bubbles innocently.

And then Alice told her of the wonderful gown and the dainty accessories that had come the night before in a big box.

"I can't imagine who sent them."

"It must have been a fairy godmother," said Bubbles demurely.

"And now I can be Millie's bridesmaid," caroled Alice when she had exhausted all her conjectures as to the giver. "You won't mind, will you, Bubbles?"

"No," said Bubbles steadily.

And as she sold needles and pins and books and eyes and whalebones and a hundred and one other things that day she told herself that she did not care. Why should she want to walk beside Jimmie Bryan when he preferred to have Alice?

She passed the window with the hat with the white feather that night without a glance, and on Sunday she wore a plain little black sailor with a cheap red rose, and she looked prettier than ever in it.

"Alice thinks you're a fairy godmother," she told Jimmie after service.

"Say, did she like it?" he demanded.

"Of course she did," said Bubbles. "Who wouldn't?"

But Jimmie did not answer immediately. He stood looking down at her. "Say, little girl," he said presently, "you look mighty nice in that hat."

"It cost just \$1.00," Bubbles informed him glibly, "marked down from \$2."

"I don't care what it cost," Jimmie stated. "You look mighty nice."

Bubbles couldn't resist saying. "But not half as nice as Alice will in that pink robe."

"Bubbles, I believe you're jealous," fashed Jimmie unexpectedly.

Bubbles' cheeks flamed. "Why, Jimmie Bryan!" she faltered.

"Look here," Jimmie demanded, "did you think I was in love with Alice?"

Under his keen scrutiny Bubbles was forced to admit, "I couldn't very well help it, could I?"

"I was afraid you would," Jimmie said, "that day when I planned to get her the things, but I had promised."

"Well, it's a hard old world," Bubbles remarked as they reached the corner where they separated. "If I decide to take the ribbon, Alice, I'll let you know in the morning."

At the next corner Bubbles met Jimmie Bryan.

"Jimmie," she said, with her gray eyes challenging him—"Jimmie, are you going to be best man at Millie's wedding?"

"Sure," answered Jimmie—"cutaway, white flower in my coat and all the rest of the agony."

"And me to walk up the aisle with you?" said Bubbles.

Jimmie looked at her in surprise.

"I thought Alice was going—was going to do it," he said.

"Alice can't get the clothes," Bubbles informed him, "and if I wasn't a selfish pig I'd get them for her, but I want a white feather in my summer hat."

Jimmie hesitated. "Look here, Bubbles," he said a little awkwardly, "ain't there some way you could make Alice think you were getting her dress and let me pay for it? I'd like to do it."

Bubbles caught her breath quickly.

"Why, Jimmie!" she said.

Jimmie flushed. "She has an awful hard time," he said.

"Yes, she does," Bubbles agreed abstractedly. She was a little white, but she still smiled at Jimmie.

"So you don't want me to be bridesmaid with you?" she teased, still with a funny catch in her breath.

"Aw, Bubbles," he stammered, "you know I think you're about the neatest thing ever!"

"But you'd rather have Alice walk up the aisle with you," was her quiet reminder.

"I wouldn't," he declared stoutly.

"but I'm sorry for Alice."

"Of course," Bubbles agreed, and then she went on to plan. "I could get her the things and tell her the money bad come to me unexpectedly."

"I am afraid that wouldn't do," was Jimmie's worried response. "She'd feel as if she had to pay it back. You get the things and send them to her and don't have any mark on the box, and she'll never know where they came from."

"Well, I can't get the things we

WARNED BY SPECTERS

One Person's Three Experiences With Ghosts.

THE SPIRIT OF HIS SISTER

How an Apparition From the Unknown World Aided the Brother in Deciding an Important Legal Question—The Phantom on the Grave.

Three times in my life, each instance separated by an interval of years, have the experiences here told been mine.

I come of a family to different members of which have become visible at times those appearances which, for want of a better name are known as "ghosts." It is at least possible that the superstition regarding the second sight of one born with a veil may have some foundation in scientific fact, for my uncle was thus veiled at birth and all his life from infancy vacant space was peopled to him with forms, which he would describe so accurately in dress, appearance and manner that listeners would instantly recognize departed friends, gone over years before my uncle's birth in many instances.

It was not till he was a large boy that he realized that the forms seen by him were not visible to others. Pages could be written of his experiences, but I am not here to give hearsay evidence, but my own personal experiences, the sights seen with my own bodily vision.

The first instance was so early in my life that I do not recall it, but my mother relates the circumstances:

Our home was in Brooklyn, and we had gone for the summer to Greenfield Hill, Conn. I was so young that I still wore dresses and was in charge of a nursemaid who was in the habit of receiving visits from Annie, a girl of her own class, so that I was well acquainted with Annie.

Annie died suddenly and was buried in the country churchyard, but I was not told of her death, being considered too young to understand.

As I walked with my nurse past the cemetery one evening in the edge of dusk her superstitious horror-can-be imagined when I cried, pointing directly to Annie's grave: "Oh, Maggie, there is Annie! She is waving her hand for us to come over to her." I broke away from my nurse and ran to the cemetery fence. She caught me up and ran in a panic to the house, nor would she ever again pass the cemetery after dark.

The only idea in my mind was that of a familiar friend whom I had not seen for some time.

The second instance was at the most unromantic age possible to a boy—about thirteen. I was attending boarding school in Dedham, Mass.

A school friend, a boy of about my age, had left the school some days before for his home in the west, leaving in perfect health.

At about 9 in the evening I sat on the edge of the bed removing my shoes when the wall of the room seemed to part and open, showing the night outside, with the dim forms of the trees gently waving in the wind. As I sat spellbound at this strange sight in the rift of the wall against the background of the night stood my friend as I had last seen him, just as in life. He waved his hand to me in token of farewell, stood looking at me a moment, and gently the vision faded.

I said to my roommate, who had seen nothing: "Charlie is dead, I have just seen him." The next morning a telegram to the school said that he had faded the night preceding.

In the third instance I had grown to manhood—a normal, healthy man, over six feet tall and weighing nearly 200 pounds. I am a civil engineer, the hardy outdoor life being far removed from dreams and morbid imaginings.

It was on one occasion necessary for me to consult a lawyer, and one evening I met the lawyer in his Boston office to talk over a matter of business. In the course of the conversation he asked me a question which I was undecided about answering. I stopped a moment before replying, for consideration, lowering my eyes, and when I raised them, there stood behind the attorney a favorite sister, dead many years.

Her eyes were fixed on mine, her fingers on her lips. I instantly absorbed the idea conveyed by her suggestive pose and did not give the lawyer the information he asked. As it afterward proved, it was greatly to my interest not to do so.

The lawyer shivered slightly as the visitor stood behind his chair and said that there was a draft through the room.

He never knew that the sensation of cold conveyed to his nervous system was a breath from an unseen world.

Science has proved that light, sound and color are all the results of vibration of greater or less rapidity. Some of these vibrations affect our senses and we see, hear or feel their effects. But what of the vast space filled with those vibrations which affect none of our senses, yet are unknown to science?

Could our senses respond to them? What secrets of the unseen might not be revealed, and who can say but secret of these strange sights sometimes greet the eye of me hidden in this unknown rarefication, bidding a world about us, mingling with the common humdrum day in rare moments of passing the veil aside from the unknown—

ECONOMY BEGINS AT HOME.

"I hear you're teaching your son to play draw poker. Do you think that wise?"

"Certainly. He's bound to learn from some one. If he learns from me it keeps the money in the family."—New York Life.

The Ladies' and Children's

Ready-to-Wear Department

OFFERS GREAT INDUCEMENTS

Sailor Suits and Jumper Dresses for girls 6 to 14. Worth \$1.50 for 65c

Blue and pink gingham trimmed with neat braid. These are bargains that should appeal to all mothers. Don't waste your time sewing this hot weather when such bargains are to be had.

Ladies' two-piece suits—light and dark, worth \$1.75 for 50c

Ladies' Percale Petticoats—black and white striped skirt full width and deep flounce at 50c

Ladies' Jumper Dresses, worth up to \$3. for \$3.00

Ladies' white Duck and Linen Skirts for \$1.00

Children's White Lawn Dresses, handsomely made and trimmed at nearly half price.

Ladies' Dressing Sacques made of neat figured lawn, well made and shaped. The price is low at 50c

Ladies' \$1.00 White Waist for 75c

Made of good quality lawn, trimmed with fine tucks in lace—splendid fitting waist and only 65c



Procrastination in Saving

has often been the cause of want in the declining years of many an individual.

Start an account right now with the Charleroi Savings & Trust Company. It will be a step of which you will always be proud, for it will help you build a strong reserve fund for the future.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES TO RENT, \$5.00 AND UP PER YEAR

Charleroi Savings & Trust Co.

CHARLEROI, PENNSYLVANIA.

4 per cent. Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

Compounded twice a year

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California Clay Manufacturing Co.

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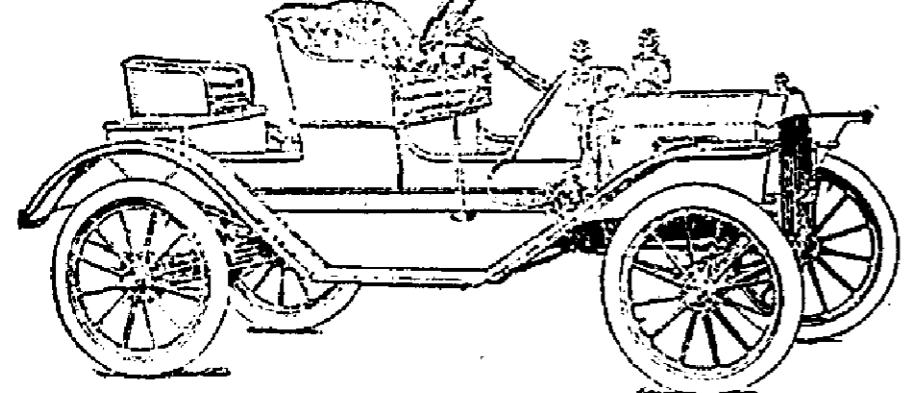
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FAIR FORD ROADSTER Model S

Price \$750.00



FOUR CYLINDERS, 15-18 H. P.—40 MILES AN HOUR, 30 x 3 TIRES, EQUIPPED WITH 3 LAMPS, KORN AND STORAGE BATTERY.

Guards that entirely protect you from the mud.

This is the BEST Runabout FORD ever offered, and FORD always had the BEST for the money.

The FORD is built for hard service on American roads. Our demonstrations are not confined to Brussels Carpet tests, but we invite the most rigid scrutiny on every part. Write or phone for demonstration.

We have a good proposition to make to a live agent in your city. Write for particulars.

Rescent Automobile Co.
12-14 Baum Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Phone 480 Highland

ANIMAL LEGENDS.

The Buzz of the Mosquito and the Swallow's Forked Tail.

In Palestine, where several religions exist side by side, legends have crossed and intermingled in such a way as to make a distinct folklore. A collection of stories from "Folklore in the Holy Land," by the Rev. J. E. Hamauer, contains many Bible legends in new forms and with humorous additions. One explains how the mosquito came to buzz and why the swallow's tail is forked.

After the fall of man the serpent missed the reward which the evil one had promised him—namely, the sweetest food in the world. An angel was appointed to assign to every creature his food and dwelling place. The serpent asked for human flesh. But Adam protested and pointed out shrewdly that it was impossible to maintain that it was the most luscious of food. "It has gained a year's respite for the race.

Meanwhile the mosquito was sent round the world with instructions to taste and report upon the blood of every living creature. At the end of twelve months it was to report in open court the result of its researches.

Now, Adam had a friend in that sacred bird the swallow, which annually makes a pilgrimage to Mecca and all holy places. This bird shadowed the mosquito all the twelve months until the day of the decision. Then as the insect was on its way to the court the swallow met it openly and asked what flesh and blood it had found sweetest.

"Man's," replied the mosquito.

"What?" asked the swallow. "Please say it again, for I am rather deaf."

On this the mosquito opened its mouth wide to shout, and the swallow darted in its bill and plucked out the insect's tongue.

They then proceeded to the court, where all living creatures were assembled to hear the decision. On being asked the outcome of its investigation the mosquito, which could now only buzz, was unable to make itself understood, and the swallow, pretending to be its spokesman, declared that the insect had said that it had found the blood of the frog the most delicious.

Sentence was therefore given that frogs, not men, should be the serpent's food.

In its rage and disappointment the serpent darted forward to destroy the swallow. But the bird was too quick; the serpent succeeded only in biting some feathers out of the middle of the swallow's tail.

This is why swallows have forked tails.

EASY PHYSICAL CULTURE.

How One May Promote Good Health Without Expense.

First of all, there is the sensible use of the odd moments of the day. For example, I must go out to my work in the city; I must get up from my chair after or at intervals during my work; I must go upstairs. Here are the opportunities:

During the wash I can rub myself well all over my skin. Having used the warm water and soap and warm water again, I can dip my hands in cold water and then give my skin a capital friction with the palms of my hands. This will afford excellent exercise for the arms and shoulders and, when I stoop, for the trunk muscles. It will clean me, will help to hardened and invigorate me and will make my hands and my whole body glow delightfully. It will need scarcely any extra time.

When I go out into the street, and indeed whenever I go out, I can take two extra deep and full breaths of fresh air in through the nostrils. And I can repeat this wonderfully healthy practice whenever I wait at a crossing whenever I wait at all, and just before I go into any building from the street, and also before any important work or interview, and, of course, the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. Here there is not one moment of extra time demanded, but there is so much effective but easy physical culture that at the end of a year the improvement in the breathing capacity, the endurance, the vigor, the complexion and even in the control of the temper may be almost beyond belief.

And, best of all, the automatic habit of fuller and more rhythmical inhalations may be firmly fixed.—Eustace Miles in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Dear Old Day.

Touched by his sad story, a Harrisburg woman recently furnished a meal to a melancholy looking hobo who had applied thereafter at the back door.

"Why do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating?" asked the compassionate woman. "Was it ever broken?"

"No, mum," answered the hobo, with a snuffle. "But during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits are hard to break, mum."—Harper's Weekly.

The Candidate's Course.

"When a candidate thinks he's right he must stick to his belief."

"But supposing all his constituents think differently?"

"In that case he must show his true greatness by casting aside all personal bias and emphatically assuring that a majority cannot be wrong."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Everybody Please.

Deacon—Are you willing to go? Unpopular Citizen (dying)—Oh, yes; I am. Deacon—Well, I'm glad you are, for that makes it unanimous.—Judge.

Love your neighbor, but don't pull down the fence.—German Proverb.

PERSONAL MENTION

Thomas Barger spent Saturday and Sunday in Waynesburg with friends.

Ralph Bayne was a visitor at his home in Waynesburg over Sunday.

Sylvester Taseo has left for Harrisburg for a brief visit.

Miss Catherine Keil of Pittsburgh was in Charleroi yesterday calling on friends.

Guy C. Will, of Monongahela was calling on friends in Charleroi yesterday.

Miss Anna Shepler visited H. B. Stever at the Mercy Hospital yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marley of Toronto, O., are visiting at the home of Mrs. Marley's parents.

Mr. L. C. Willard of North Side, Pittsburgh, is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. R. L. Hornell, of Prospect avenue.

Bruce Barnett left last evening for his two week's vacation. He will visit friends in Eastern cities, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

The Methodist Episcopal Sunday school of this place has organized a Sunday school orchestra. It will play for the first time next Sunday, July 13.

Misses Sadie McIlroy and Bee Welsh of Youngstown, Ohio, are guests of Miss Ceilia McDermott of Meadow avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. G. May Hill, Miss Nell Jessop, John and Thomas McDermott of Munhall were visitors here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McDermott Sunday.

Miss Mabel Mountsier has left for New York to resume work in a school there after spending a few weeks in Charleroi with her parents.

Vernon Shannon, who is a student at Lehigh University has returned home to spend the summer vacation.

Albert Manka, for several years a prominent organizer of the United Mine Workers, was calling on friends in Charleroi Saturday. He has been through many exciting adventures.

A First Class Music Store

Charleroi has a music store where everything that's musical is sold. It may be a piano, or it may be a violin, or phonograph. We can furnish it. We handle such a large quantity of musical goods, the scope of our business is so large, that we are always able to make prices the lowest and terms the easiest. Post yourself on the fine lists we handle in pianos and you will understand why it is unnecessary for anybody to go outside of Charleroi to buy.

W. F. Frederick Music Co.,
J. J. KING, Retail Manager,
Fallowfield Ave.



J. M. FLEMING

PLUMBING AND
GAS FITTING

Gas Ranges and Chandeliers,
Garden Hose and Gas Hose

Masonic Building
Charleroi, Pa.

Buy Green Goods at Masters'

We're handling so much in the line of green goods that you are always sure of your purchases being fresh. When thinking about something dainty and nice for the table don't forget that we are always glad to send little purchases to the house in time for the next meal.

J. E. MASTERS & CO.

Fourth St. and Fallowfield Ave.

Charleroi, Pa.

Watch This Space for
Announcement

BASEBALL

Charleroi Base Ball Park

SCOTTDALE

VS.

CHARLEROI

July 6, 7 and 8

Thursday Ladies Admitted Free.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

Entered second class mail at Charleroi, June 25, 1903, according to Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. 8 No. 281

CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA., MONDAY, JULY 6, 1903

One Cent

FALLS OFF BOAT INTO RIVER AND IS DROWNED

While wrestling on "The Gazelle," a small steamer on the Monongahela river about two miles below Fredericksburg Saturday night about 9 o'clock, George Davis, of Zollarsville, and a man named Murphy fell overboard. Davis was drowned and Murphy was rescued only after great difficulty.

The men were engaged in a friendly bout when the accident occurred.

As they in their contortions frequently neared the edge of the craft. When they plunged into the river a boat was immediately lowered, but it was too late. Neither of the men could swim, but one of the rescuers finally managed to seize hold of Murphy and held him from sinking until assistance was at hand.

Young Davis went down before he could be reached and his body was

not recovered until yesterday. It was found near the spot where the unfortunate young man sank.

George Davis was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt Davis, of Zollarsville, and had been employed at Brownsville for the past year.

The remains were taken last evening to the home of the sorrowing parents of Zollarsville.

It was at first reported that the man drowned was Walter Davis and

when Nally, the first up corrected

it was to second on Cosgrove's sacrifice

and scored when Dunn knocked out a

two bagger. In the fifth two more

runs were added on two hits and an

error. Uniontown's hits were much

scattered, and all for one base.

Deputy Coroner V. E. Reeves of

Charleroi was called for and investi-

gated the matter as to how the boy

came to his death. His finding was

that the boy was accidentally

hit by a bullet from the gun of a

man who had been shot in the

head by a negro who had been

handed the remainder of the

bullet by Major Ellwood or Mononga-

helia, and Yone was arrested but the

affair was settled before it went to

a hearing. Wenes, who is brother

of Mrs. Ojon, read of the occurrence

and brought suit before Alderman Day,

but the result of Yone's being held.

Third innings proved his undoing. But

Mrs. Ojon was examined by a doctor

who stated that the woman was only

he would have had a shutoot.

Morning game.

CHARLEROI R H P A E

Nally, r. 1 1 1 0 0

Cosgrove, 2. 1 1 2 4 1

O'Hare, m. 1 1 2 0 0

Dunn, s. 0 3 3 0 0

Robb, l. 0 1 1 0 0

Henzl, l. 0 0 9 0 1

Dailey, r. 0 1 6 0 0

Urben, 3. 0 1 1 0 0

W. Humphries, p. 0 1 3 0 0

Totals 3 19 24 12 2

UNIONTOWN R H P A E

Roberts, m. 2. 0 1 2 0 0

Gilligan, 2. 0 2 3 3 0

Frankenberry, c. 0 0 0 0 0

Hilley, 3. 0 2 2 0 0

Rudolph, l. 0 1 3 0 0

Phillips, r. 0 2 2 0 0

Cowan, s. 0 0 1 1 0

Price, 1. 0 4 5 0 1

Misses Gertrude and Fr. da Blank Reeman, c-m. 0 0 3 0 0

Saturday and Sunday in Union-

town.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Mathis of Union-

town, are visitors in Charleroi with

friends.

Miss Lucy Schaefer of Uniontown

is a guest of Miss Sara Booth of Fa-

llowfield avenue.

Miss Helen Kirk and niece, Eliza-

beth Kirk, have returned to their

home in Beaver Falls after a visit here

with relatives.

Rise of Little Benefit.

While there was a rising tendency

on the local rivers yesterday, due to

recent rains, the increase did not

amount to anything and was of little

benefit to rivermen. Very little boat

movement took place, and even the

excursion business was light. The

heat and atmospheric stillness served

to keep many persons away from the

water during the day, but in the eve-

ning they appeared in pleasure craft.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Chalfant and

baby Alvera, of Fallowfield avenue;

returned Saturday from near Streator,

Ill., where they visited Mrs. Edith

Reeves.

WANTED—A middle aged woman

for general work in kitchen, at the

Saxon Cafe, 421 McKean avenue.

281f

Annual Clearance Sale of Fine

China, Cut Glass, and Silverware.

Watch window for Sale Prices.

Laird's, 519 McKean avenue. 2802

CHARLEROI DIVIDES WITH UNIONTOWN

Charleroi won the morning game

from Uniontown, July 4th, by superior

playing and consistent hitting, coupled

with the pitching of Willis Humphreys,

who held the Uniontowners down

to five hits. The game was a nice

one, and intensely interesting. It

was a tailor employed at La J. Field's cloth-

MAY BE AN ATTEMPT TO BLACKMAIL

Charles N. Yone, a well known

umber contractor of Monongahela

was held under \$1000 bail by Alderman

Day of that place at a hearing

Friday evening, the charge being a

serious one, preferred by Bit Wemes,

of Charleroi, from the start.

It is stated that on Thursday Yone

went to the home of Mrs. Ojon on

Fourth street, when she was the only

one present. A neighbor woman said

she heard her scream and run into the

house just in time to see Yone going

out the back door. Mrs. Ojon was

crying. Mrs. Ojon made information

before Mayor Ellwood or Mononga-

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Rise of Little Benefit.

The practice of throwing peanut

hulls on the pavement, after disposing

of the meat of the goober

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

A Republican Newspaper.

Published Daily Except Sunday by
MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Daily Mail Building, Fifth Street,
CHARLEROI, PA.

Ann P. SLOAN, President
S. W. SHARPACK, Sec'y & Treas.
HARRY E. PRICE, Business Manager

Entered in the Post Office at Charleroi, Pa.
Second class matter

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Local Agencies

Geo. S. Migh... Club 101
Clyde Collins... Sports
M. Danner... Dry Goods
Justine Clements... Lock No. 4

July 6 In History.

1802—General Daniel Morgan, American Revolutionary hero, died; born 1736.

1835—John Marshall, noted chief justice of the United States, died in Philadelphia; born 1755.

1882—Guy de Maupassant, a master in the French school of naturalistic writers, died in Paris; born 1850.

1905—The remains of Paul Jones formally delivered to the United States government by France.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.
Sun sets 7:30, rises 4:32, moon sets 12:08 a.m., moon's age 9 days; 3:23 p.m., eastern time, moon at first quarter; 10 p.m., planet Neptune in conjunction with the sun, changing from east to west; 6 a.m., planet Uranus at opposition with the sun, 180 degrees distant.

Another "Device."

A few weeks ago the Courts of Washington county, in an opinion delivered on the sale of liquor said: "The beer agent was merely a device to evade the law and thumbed out that he should be prosecuted. The beer agent in consequence thereof fled in what Rufus Choate called 'terrible and tumultuous haste' from Washington county. There are other 'deveries' it seems."

May it please the honorable Court a newspaper of general circulation in Washington county, controlled by Congressman Acheson, stated in the most positive manner that several coal companies in Washington county owned and conducted supply stores in open and direct defiance of company—store Act 1931.

The newspaper went further than that. It stated as plainly as language can state anything that these supply stores were "devices to evade the law and in them bare-faced swindles and extortions are habitually practiced upon innocent and unsophisticated people. The statements were direct, positive assertions accompanied by names and places and acts. There cannot be the slightest doubt of whom are doing those unlawful acts or where they are done—nothing was left to guess work."

In addition the same newspaper printed an illustration showing a state of affairs on Chartiers creek, which has all of the elements necessary to create an epidemic of typhoid fever in this county.

Almost any one has the courage to kick a howling cur running and yelping down the street but it is an entirely different proposition to attempt to take bone away from a growling bulldog. Now the state of affairs set forth in Congressman Acheson's paper are either true or false. It is the sworn duty of the Courts of any county to investigate charges made by responsible

publicly stated to exist in Washington county. You have the power to empanel a special Grand Jury to investigate and indict any person or persons who have publicly stated to be employed by the coal companies

of Washington county.

If you desire the aid of the State, you have an advantage in that the complaisant Mr. Carson is no longer Attorney General to render your attorney's services to you in the case from Fayette county against the Frick Supply store.

The good name of Washington county demands the truth or falsity of the charges made in Congressman Acheson's paper be cleared up. If true, to punish the perpetrators; if false, to transfer the stigma where it belongs. The responsibility for doing this lies upon our county courts and no one else. They have shown that they have power to demolish one "device for evading" one law and by analogy they must have the power to quench another kind of "device to evade" another law. That is to say, they have kicked the cur they must also take the bone from the bulldog.

Was Done Before

The canalization of the Youghiogheny river has but one objection—said to it and that objection is the sand bar of the river for a short distance above West Newton.

It does not seem possible that the engineers of today are less wise in construction and navigation than those of the early years of the last century. For instance, the distance between Horsheds, N. Y., and Seneca Lake, is about twelve miles. The difference in elevation between them is approximately eight hundred feet. About sixty years ago a canal was built and successfully operated between the two places for many years and millions of tons of coal were shipped on it. It was finally abandoned some years ago when the coal companies built a railroad between Corning and Syracuse.

It is safe to say that there is not that much fall in the Youghiogheny river between McKeesport and the West Virginia line. The tip parts of the project to canalize the river will have to raise some stronger objection than that of too much grade before they can hope to successfully combat it.

The recent shipments by water from manufacturing plants in Charleroi and near towns are but a drop in the bucket compared to what will follow when a nine foot stage is established between Pittsburgh and Cairo.

A Great Loss.

The death of Joel Chandler Harris Uncle Remus is a great loss to all who love animals and clean, whole some merry tales about them. Not since the days of Aesop has any writer even approached Uncle Remus. His tales of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox are immortal and will never cease to a nose and charm.

Short Arm Jolt.

Your Uncle Gufay may be a disturber and all that; and then some but he certainly landed a short arm jolt on the Peerless One's midrib that put him down for the count in the estimation of all who believe that "ingratitude is the basest of all crimes."

Stirred Them Up.

Did you ever go near a setting hen and see her feathers ruffle and hear her querulous protests when you disturbed her? Well, that is what the Washington boro hen did when the Charleroi Mirror said "new country"

At Long Range.

"I see you read a great deal of mining literature."

"Yes."

"Did you ever go prospecting for gold?"

"No; I can lose enough time and money merely prospecting."—Washington Star.

The Spare Room.

Like Bluebeard's secret chamber locked up tight, kept all the year without a speck of light.

A perfectly imperial Scars bed.

With downy pillows and a snowy spread.

A couch on which 'twere barbarous to recline.

Some chairs that cost—well, goodness knows the sum.

The furniture upholstered in rich plumb.

It's worth your life to even peep in there.

That showy, useless room that's called "the spare!"

—La Touche Hancock in New York Press.

Unpoetic.

"Don't you enjoy the glories of summer?"

"Yes," answered the unpoetic person; "it is something of a comfort to find the gas bills getting so much smaller."—Wasp.

The Mood Of a Maid.

By CECILY ALLEN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

from any of the men I have ever met."

She paused, and the man at her side studied her with grave eyes.

"Now, there was Jessie Stewart—she married Jack Coghlan. They'd gone to kindergarten and dancing school together. And then she'd gone to all his college 'proms' and the same cotillions. Why, it was just like marrying some one who had lived in your own family always."

"And now they're bored to death with each other. They had a honeymoon at Monte Carlo, where they had been the year before on the Borden-Jones yacht, and they came back to the same old round of teas and dinners and dances. There was no romance in that."

The man shook his head.

"But Harriet, one of our parlor maids, married a miner way out west.

She met him by answering an advertisement in a matrimonial paper. He came east after her, and she wrote Marie that they were awfully happy.

The man had never beaten her once."

The man flung back his head and laughed, and the girl laughed with him. Then suddenly she clutched his sleeve.

"The man leaned forward after scanning the road in both directions and touched the chauffeur's arm. The great crimson car came to a panting, deliberate standstill.

The girl did not wait for the chauffeur to help her, but sprang lightly to the road and vanished into the woodland on the right. The chauffeur turned the car as if his thoughts were concentrated on the necessity of making the smallest possible turn in time of safety, in order to be prepared in time of emergency. And then the great crimson car shot back in the direction from whence it had come.

Safely screened by the underbrush, the girl found a clearing in the woodland and sat down on a moss grown log. Deftly she unwound the swath-

a face delicate and sensitive as the anemones opening at her feet.

She drew off her gloves and felt of the velvety moss on the old log, then stooped to gather flowers. Finally with the blossoms forgotten in her lap, she leaned forward, her elbows on her knees, her chin propped in her hands.

woodland life around her. Charming as the scene was, she was scarcely along the edge of the clearing. Where the sun shone upon a tangle of fern and jack-in-the-pulpit two robins perched prettily on dry twigs and discussed the troubles of May morning day. From the shadows of the wood beyond came the persistent hammering of a woodpecker.

Beyond the screen of underbrush automobiles and smart turnouts sped toward the race track, where the world of fashion was foregathered. An hour passed, and then at the distant wall of peculiar siren whistle the girl sprang to her feet, dropped her basket of flowers and ran to the roadside.

Beating down upon her was a crimson car, twin of the one which had dropped her so unceremoniously an hour earlier.

But the resemblance stopped with the car. The chauffeur in the first car had worn a spick span uniform in tan color from the tips of his highly polished boots to the crown of his heavily red cap. The man in this car wore a disreputable looking storm coat of English cloth, a shabby visor cap and a pair of goggles which had certainly seen more prosperous days.

He was searching along at a fine pace. But the girl calmly stepped to the edge of the road and waved a detaining hand—bare hand at that.

The machine slowed down, and the man made preparations to descend, as became one hailed by a maiden in distress. But again the girl raised a detaining hand.

"My car met with an accident. I thought perhaps—I am very anxious to reach Dalton this afternoon. Perhaps you were going that way. Would you give me a lift?"

She looked up eagerly into his starled face. Then the man coughed discreetly and sprang into the machine.

"I like to oblige you, but this isn't no Gretta Green, as—well, I don't mind tellin' you that the girl looks unattractive."

"But I am not," protested the girl. "I am true."

"Not castin' no reflections, ma'am, but I'd be surprised."

The girl on the man looked at each other; then the girl's troubled glance turned to the title, and a smile brightened her face.

"Isn't that enough that my family are willing?"

She held the paper toward the picture with the face of a girl peering through the printed page.

The Justice looked from the picture to the girl, and his face alternately flushed and paled.

"Gosh all heck," said Uncle Remus, "you're a beauty."

"Yes," said the girl, her eyes dancing. "He's Lord Granston. But, indeed, he's very nice in spite of the fact," she added as Justice of the Peace Manning continued to stare incredulously at the man's slim figure in its disreputable motoring apparel.

"You wait a bit. I'll be right back," said the justice, with sudden accession of spirit, and he started for the door.

The girl and man sprang after him.

"You are not going to telephone to town—those wretched reporters. Please, please, let us be married quite alone, with just some of your family for witnesses," cried the girl.

"Yes," added the man seriously. "We've just run away from all that sort of thing—plife, don't you know. Please let us get away quietly. Don't telephone. I beg of you."

"Telephone nothing," exclaimed the Justice heartily. "I'm just goin' to put on my Sunday suit. Never expect to marry a millionaire's girl and a lord again in my time."

The girl looked up at him shyly. Her eyes were soft and luminous.

"Oh, I have had the most beautiful hour there in the woods. I've never seen anything half so wonderful as those little creatures doing just as they pleased. Just as soon as the birds tired of one tree or bush or fern they flew off to another. They did not mind me nor each other. Just think of being like that all your life!"

The man looked at her curiously, as if she were a new specimen of the genus feminine and entirely worthy of deep study.

"It is all so different from what I've been used to. I wake up knowing that Marie will be right there with my chocolate. And then will come cards and mail and flowers and Aunt Margaret. Of course Aunt Margaret is a dear, but ten years of doing things right under Aunt Margaret's eyes are very tiresome. Don't you think so?"

"I am quite sure it must be a terrible bore," replied the man gravely.

"And then seeing the same people everywhere you go and being quite sure that you will see no one that hasn't been here."

The man bit his lip at this naive confession.

"Do you know," said the girl, waxing confidential as the car lazied along over the tree-hung road. "I've always dreamed of having a man come to rescue just like this—a man I have never known—a man quite differ-

ent."

She paused, and the man at her side studied her with grave eyes.

"Now, there was Jessie Stewart—she married Jack Coghlan. They'd gone to kindergarten and dancing school together. And then she'd gone to all his college 'proms' and the same cotillions. Why, it was just like marrying some one who had lived in your own family always."

"And now they're bored to death with each other. They had a honeymoon at Monte Carlo, where they had been the year before on the Borden-Jones yacht, and they came back to the same old round of teas and dinners and dances. There was no romance in that."

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"But Harriet, one of our parlor maids, married a miner way out west. She met him by answering an advertisement in a matrimonial paper. He came east after her, and she wrote Marie that they were awfully happy. The man had never beaten her once."

The man flung back his head and laughed, and the girl laughed with him. Then suddenly she clutched his sleeve.

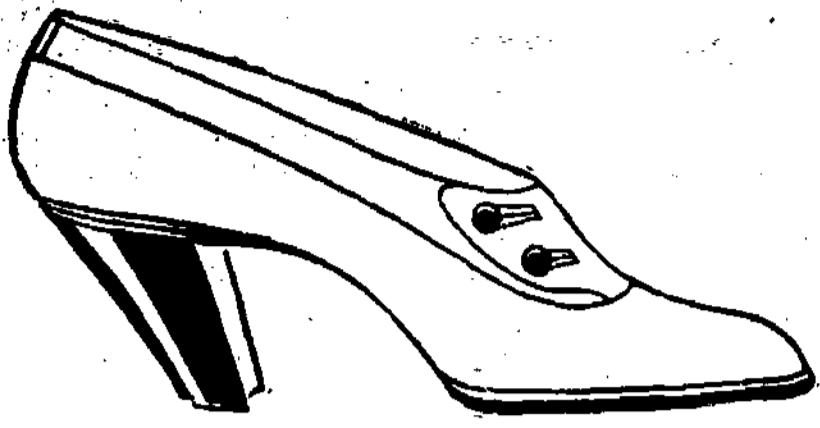
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Safely screened by the underbrush, the girl found a clearing in the woodland and sat down on

Special Today and Tomorrow

(Just Like Cut)



\$1.48

Sample Shoe Store

A Beige

FURNACE HEATING

Ensures a good circulation of warm air and is the cheapest way to heat your residence. If you are going to build, why not have your house piped for a furnace and save the cost of extra chimneys. Call and get estimate. We handle the best makes. XXth Century and Wise, and have experienced men who put them up. We do all kinds of roofing and repair work. Your tin work should be painted every year or two. We can do that or sell you the paint and you can do it. Phone us your wants. Both Phous.

D. N. HALL 412 Fallowfield Avenue

Advertise in the Mail

\$10.00 Stock for \$3.00

Ample Security!

Advance in price \$1.00 per month !!

Dividends 10 per cent. assured!!!

That is only part of the story.

The Cuban Commercial Fruit Line just starting with a line of ships from Savannah, Ga., to Cuban and Porto Rican ports, offers a better opening for the large or small investor than can be found elsewhere.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

In every City and County in the United States and Canada there is an opening for reliable men who can efficiently represent the Company's interests; men of character, energy and influence in the community.

The second allotment of the Full Paid and Non-assessable Treasury Stock is now ready for subscription at

\$3.00 PER SHARE

and may be paid for in six equal monthly instalments.

The par value of this stock is \$10.00, hence the purchaser gets \$10.00 for \$3.00, and as the price is advancing \$1.00 per share per month the holder can sell at the advance, hold for dividends or exchange for land at his option.

Curb Brokers will be bidding \$10.00 for the stock after January first.

This is the safest and best investment opportunity of the Century

Doesn't This Appeal to You?

Would you like to own some land in Cuba where orange groves are worth \$5,000 per acre and where pineapples pay \$300 to \$500 per acre every year?

Don't you want some stock in a company which will pay from 10 per cent. to 25 per cent. in dividends every year with the price of stock going up every day you hold it?

Then don't miss this opportunity!

Write today for prospectus!

Become a representative of this Company.

ADVANCE IN PRICE

To \$4.00 per share will take place July 1st, and further advances at the rate of one dollar per share per month.

This plan will be carried out to the letter.

If you want any buy it now!

Cuban Commercial Company

262 Washington Street

Boston, Mass.

The Fairy Godmother.

By JEROME SPRAGUE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Bubbles didn't care whether it was appropriate or not; she wanted it, and she was saving up her money to get it.

Every morning when she went to the store she found the girls talking of their summer hats.

"What kind are you going to have?" they would ask her, and Bubbles would laugh—the gay bubbling laugh that had given her her nickname—and would say, "Wait and see, girls; wait and see."

"Oh, piffle!" one of them said on a certain June morning. "I don't believe you're going to get a hat."

"Wait and see; wait and see," said Bubbles provokingly.

And then after the store was closed she went around the corner and looked at the hat with the white feather.

The price was in plain sight—\$10.

Bubbles earned \$4 a week. Out of that save just \$1.50 and \$2.00 for board. Fifty cents went for car fare, and the rest she had for herself. Since last summer she had managed to save \$0.50, and the other fifty would add the complete amount necessary to buy the bat with the white feather.

She decided to tell Alice Forbes about it.

Alice was at the ribbon counter, while Bubbles sold notions. Their acquaintance rose from the fact that they walked home in the same direction.

"I can't imagine who sent them."

"It must have been a fairy godmother," said Bubbles docilely.

"And now I can be Millie's bridesmaid," cried Alice when she had exhausted all her arguments as to the giver. "You won't mind, will you, Bubbles?"

"No," said Bubbles steadily.

And as she sold needles and pins and books and eyes and whalebones and a hundred and one other things that day she told herself that she did not care.

Why should she want to walk beside Jimmie Bryan when he preferred to have Alice?

She passed the window with the hat with the white feather that night without a glance, and on Sunday she wore a plain little black sailor with a cheap red rose, and she looked prettier than ever in it.

"Alice thinks you're a fairy godmother," she told Jimmie after service.

"Say, did she like it?" he demanded.

"Of course she did," said Bubbles. "Who wouldn't?"

Bemie did not answer immediately. He stood looking down at her.

"Say, little girl," he said presently.

"You look mighty nice in that hat."

"It cost just \$1.98," Bubbles informed him glibly, "marked down from \$2."

"I don't care what it cost," Jimmie stated.

"You look mighty nice."

Bubbles couldn't resist saying. "But not half as nice as Alice will in that sailor robe."

"Bubbles, I believe you're jealous," fashed Jimmie unexpectedly.

Bubbles' cheeks flamed. "Why, Jimmie Bryan!" she faltered.

"Look here," Jimmie demanded, "did you think I was in love with Alice?"

Under his keen scrutiny Bubbles was forced to admit, "I couldn't very well help it, could I?"

"I was afraid you wouldn't," Jimmie said, "that day when I planned to get her the things, but I had promised, 'Oh, look here, Bubbles, you come out to the park with me, and I'll tell you about it.'"

And all the way to the park Bubbles' heart sang, and she seemed to walk on air, and she was glad that she hadn't bought the hat with the white feather. She was glad she hadn't been extravagant, for Jimmie seemed to like her just as well in the black sailor with the red rose.

In the park the beds were full of juncos and tulips and hyacinths and crocuses, and under the flowering almond tree Jimmie and Bubbles sat down to talk.

"You see," Jimmie explained, "there's Bob Travers, and he's in the navy, and he's away on a three years' cruise, and he made me promise that I'd look after Alice—they've been in love with each other since they were kids—and when Alice's father got sick I tried to help, but they wouldn't let me, and it seemed as if getting her the dress would be what Bob would want me to do, and now he's going to get home in time for the wedding, and I told Millie she'd have to have him for best man."

"Oh!" cried Bubbles, aglow with happiness.

"And then I told her how much I thought of you, and she wants us to be in the wedding party, and—Oh, well, look here, Bubbles." And in the shade of the flowering almond he held out his arms.

And Bubbles, having wept a little weep of joy on his broad shoulder, sat up and wiped her eyes. "Ain't I glad I didn't spend all my money for that feather, Jimmie?" she said. "I'll get the white net skirt and wear the rose but ribbon!"

"And a diamond ring," interrupted Jimmie.

"A diamond ring! What for?" demanded Bubbles.

"Because we're engaged," said Jimmie rapturously.

Economy Begins at Home.

"I hear you're teaching your son to play draw poker. Do you think that wise?"

"Certainly. He's bound to learn from some one. If he learns from me it keeps the money in the family." —New York Life.

"Well, I don't get the things we

WARNED BY SPECIAL

One Person's Three Experiences With Ghosts.

THE SPIRIT OF HIS SISTER

How an Apparition From the Other World Aided the Brother in Solving an Important Legal Question.

Three times in my life, each time separated by an interval of years, the experiences here told been mine.

I come of a family to different members of which have become visible times those appearances which want of a better name are known as "ghosts." It is at least possible, the superstition regarding the occi-

sition of one born with a veil may have foundation in scientific fact, my uncle was thus veiled at birth, and at his life from infancy vast space was peopled to him with for

which he would describe so accurately.

Two days later Alice came to her counter breathlessly.

"Oh, Bubbles," she said, "such a wonderful thing has happened!"

"What?" asked Bubbles innocently.

And then Alice told her of the wonderful event and the dying words of the woman who had come the night before in a big hat.

"I can't imagine who sent them."

"It must have been a fairy godmother," said Bubbles docilely.

"And now I can be Millie's bridesmaid," cried Alice when she had exhausted all her arguments as to the giver.

"You won't mind, will you, Bubbles?"

"No," said Bubbles steadily.

And as she sold needles and pins and books and eyes and whalebones and a hundred and one other things that day she told herself that she did not care.

Why should she want to walk beside Jimmie Bryan when he preferred to have Alice?

The first instance was so early in my life that I do not recall it, but mother relates the circumstances.

Our home was in Brooklyn, and I had gone for the summer to Grand Isle, Vt.

I still wore dresses and was in charge of a nursemaid who was in the habit of receiving visits from Annie, a woman of her own class, so that I was acquainted with Annie.

She died suddenly and was buried in the country churchyard, but I was told of her death, being considered young to understand.

As I walked with my nurse past cemetery one evening in the edge dusk her superstitious horror cast upon me when I cried, pointing to Annie's grave: "Oh, Ma, there is Annie! She is waving her hand for us to come over to her!"

I broke away from my nurse and ran to the cemetery fence. She caught up and ran in a panic to the border where she would ever again pass the cemetery after dark.

The only idea in my mind was of a familiar friend whom I had seen for some time.

The second instance was at the unromantic age possible to a boy about thirteen. I was attending school in Dedham, Mass.

A school friend, a boy of about age, had left the school some time before for his home in the west, living in perfect health.

At about 9 in the evening I sat at the edge of the bed removing shoes when the wall of the room seemed to part and open, showing the night outside, with the dim light of the trees gently waving in wind. As I sat spellbound at the strange sight in the rift of the wall, against the background of the night, stood my friend as I had last seen him, just as he lived. He waved his hand in token of farewell, stood looking at me a moment, and gently faded.

I said to my roommate, who saw nothing: "Charlie is dead. I just seen him." The next morning I telegraphed to the school that he died the night preceding.

In the third instance I had grown manhood—a normal, healthy man, six feet tall and weighing nearly pounds. I am a civil engineer, hardy outdoor life being far removed from dreams and morbid imaginings.

It was on one occasion necessary to consult a lawyer, and one evening I met the lawyer in his Boston office to talk over a matter of business.

In the course of the conversation I asked him a question which I was

decided about answering. I stopped a moment before replying, lowering my eyes, and, when I raised them, there stood behind the attorney a favorite sister, dead many years.

Her eyes were fixed on mine, fingers on her lips. I instantly surmised the idea conveyed by her gesture and did not give the lawyer the information he asked. A moment afterward proved it was greatly my interest not to do so.

The lawyer shivered slightly as he stood behind his chair, and said that there was a draft through the room.

He never knew that the sensation

conveyed to his nervous system was a breath from an unseen world.

Science has proved that light, sound, and color are all the results of vibrations of greater or less rapidity.

Of these vibrations affect our senses, we see, hear or feel their effects.

What of the vast space filled with vibrations which affect none of our senses, yet are unknown to us?

Could our senses respond to the secrets of the unseen might be revealed, and who can say what secret of these strange signs

hidden in this unknown region of vibrations, bidding a world about us, mingling with the common elements of life in rare moments?

For the very moment when the

sun sets, the stars appear.

When the moon rises, the stars

disappear, and the sun comes up again.

When the sun sets, the stars appear again.

When the moon rises, the stars disappear again.

When the sun comes up again, the stars

disappear again.

When the moon sets, the stars appear again.

When the sun comes up again, the stars

disappear again.

When the moon rises, the stars appear again.

When the sun comes up again, the stars

disappear again.

When the moon sets, the stars appear again.

The Ladies' and Children's

Ready-to-Wear Department

OFFERS GREAT INDUCEMENTS

Sailor Suits and Jumper Dresses for girls 6 to 14. Worth \$1.50 for 69c

Blue and pink, longgarn trimmed with neat braid. These are bargains that should appeal to all mothers. Don't waste your time sewing this hot weather when such bargains are to be had.

Ladies' two-piece suits—light and dark, worth \$1.75 for 50c

Ladies' Percale Petticoats—black and white striped skirt full width and deep flounce at 50c

Ladies' Jumper Dresses, worth up to \$8 for \$5.00

Ladies' white Duck and Linen Skirts for \$1.00

Children's White Lawn Dresses, handsomely made and trimmed at nearly half price.

Ladies' Dressing Sacques made of neat figured lawn, well made and shaped. The price is low at 50c

Ladies' \$1.00 White Waist for 75c

Made of good quality Lawn, trimm'd with fine tucks in lace—splendid fitting waist and only 65c

ANIMAL LEGENDS.

The Buzz of the Mosquito and the Swallow's Forked Tail.

In Palestine, where several religious sects live side by side, legends have crept and intermingled in such a way as to make a distinct folklore. A collection of stories from "Folklore in the Holy Land," by the Rev. J. E. Hanauer, contains many Bible legends in new forms and with humorous additions. One explains how the mosquito came to buzz and why the swallow's tail is forked.

After the fall of man the serpent missed the reward which the evil one had promised him—namely, the sweetest food in the world. An angel was appointed to assign to every creature his food and dwelling place. The serpent asked for human flesh. But Adam protested and pointed out shrewdly that as nobody had ever tasted human flesh it was impossible to判定 that it was the most luscious of food. Thus he gained a year's respite for the race.

Meanwhile the mosquito was sent round the world with instructions to taste and report upon the blood of every living creature. At the end of twelve months it was to report in open court the result of its researches.

Now, Allah had a vision of that sacred bird the swallow, which annually makes a pilgrimage to Mecca and all holy places. This bird shadowed the mosquito all the twelve months until the day of the decision. Then as the insect was on its way to the court the swallow met it openly and asked what flesh and blood it had found sweetest.

"Mosquito," replied the mosquito.

"What?" asked the swallow. "Please say again, for I am rather deaf."

On this the mosquito opened its mouth wide to shout, and the swallow darted in its bill and plucked out the insect's tongue.

They then proceeded to the court, where all living creatures were assembled to hear the decision. On being asked the outcome of its investigation the mosquito, which could now only buzz, was unable to make itself understood, and the swallow, pretending to be its spokesman, declared that the insect had said that it had found the blood of the frog the most delicious. Sentence was therefore given that frogs, not men, should be the serpent's food.

In its rage and disappointment the serpent darted forward to destroy the swallow. But the bird was too quick; the serpent succeeded only in biting some feathers out of the middle of the swallow's tail.

This is why swallows have forked tails.

EASY PHYSICAL CULTURE.

How One May Promote Good Health Without Expense.

First of all, there is the sensible use of the odd moments of the day. For example, I must go out to my work in the city; I must get up from my chair after or at intervals during my work; I must go upstairs. Here are the opportunities:

During the wash I can rub myself well all over my skin. Having used the warm water and soap and warm water again, I can dip my hands in cold water and then give my skin a capital friction with the palms of my hands. This will afford excellent exercise for the arms and shoulders and, when I stoop, for the trunk muscles. It will clean me, will help to harden and invigorate me and will make my hands and my whole body glow delightfully. It will need scarcely any extra time.

When I go out into the street, and indeed whenever I go out, I can take two extra deep and full breaths of fresh air in through the nostrils. And I can repeat this wonderfully healthy practice whenever I wait at a crossing, whenever I wait at all, and just before I go into any building from the street and also before any important work or interview, and, of course, the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. Here there is not one moment of extra time demanded, but there is so much effective but easy physical culture that at the end of a year the improvement in the breathing capacity, the endurance, the vigor, the complexion and even in the control of the temper may be almost beyond belief. And, best of all, the automatic habit of fuller and more rhythmical inhalations may be firmly fixed.—Eustace Miles in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Dear Old Days.

Touched by his sad story, a Harrisburg woman recently furnished a meal to a melancholy looking hobo who had applied thereat at the back door.

"Why do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating?" asked the compassionate woman. "Was it ever broken?"

"No, mom," answered the hobo, with a snuffle. "But during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits are hard to break, mom."—Harper's Weekly.

The Candidate's Course.

"When a candidate thinks he's right he must stick to his belief."

"But supposing all his constituents think differently?"

"In that case he must show his true greatness by casting aside all personal bias and emphatically assuming that a majority cannot be wrong."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Everybody Please.

Deacon—Are you willing to go? Unpopular Citizen (dying)—Oh, yes, I am.

Deacon—Well, I'm glad you are, for that makes it unanimous.—Judge.

Love your neighbor, but don't pull down the fence.—German Proverb.

PERSONAL MENTION

Thomas Barker spent Saturday and Sunday in Waynesburg with friends.

Ralph Bayne was a visitor at his home in Waynesburg over Sunday.

Sylvester Taseo has left for Harrisburg for a brief visit.

Miss Catherine Keil of Pittsburgh was in Charleroi yesterday calling on friends.

Guy C. Will, of Monongahela was calling on friends in Charleroi yesterday.

Miss Anna Shepler visited H. B. Staver at the Mercy Hospital yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marley of Toronto, O., are visiting at the home of Mrs. Marley's parents.

Mr. L. C. Willard of North Side, Pittsburgh, is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. R. L. Hormell, of Prospect avenue.

Bruce Barnett left last evening for the world's vacation. He will visit friends in Eastern cities, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

The Methodist Episcopal Sunday school of this place has organized a Sunday school orchestra. It will play for the first time next Sunday, July 13.

Misses Sadie McElroy and Bee Welsh of Youngstown, Ohio, are guests of Miss Celia McDermott of Meadow avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. G. May Hill, Miss Neil Jessop, John and Thomas McDermott of Marshall were visitors here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McDermott Sunday.

Miss Mabel Mountsier has left for New York to resume work in a school there after spending a few weeks in Charleroi with her parents.

Vernon Shannon, who is a student at Lehigh University has returned home to spend the summer vacation.

Albert Manka, for several years a prominent organizer of the United Mine Workers, was calling on friends in Charleroi Saturday. He has been through many exciting adventures.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each insertion if PAID IN ADVANCE. No ad. taken for less than 25 cents. This rate includes Lost, For Rent, For Sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

FOR RENT—Three rooms with bath and all modern conveniences. Inquire 327 Fallowfield avenue. 255tf

CARDS—Call and see our samples of stylish calling cards. Printed or engraved. Charleroi Mail. 134 tf

FOR SALE—Small confectionery in nearby mining town. Address Confectioner. Mail Office. 664ap

WANTED—Girl for general house work. Apply 325 Washington avenue. 277tf

WANTED—Everybody to know that the Mail takes orders for high class engraving of calling cards and invitations. 143tf

FOR RENT—Flat in Schuyler Building McKean Avenue. Third floor front. All conveniences. Inquire George Schuyler's Office. 254tf

WANTED—Stone mason at once. Brownsville Construction Co., Brownsville, Pa. 290t6p

A First Class Music Store

Charleroi has a music store where everything that's musical is sold. It may be piano, or it may be a violin, or phonograph. We can furnish it. We handle such a large quantity of musical goods the scope of our business is so large, that we are always able to make prices the lowest and terms the easiest. Post yourself on the fine lists we handle in pianos and you will understand why it is unnecessary for anybody to go outside of Charleroi to buy.

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J. J. KING, Retail Manager, Fallowfield Ave.

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PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING
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We are handling so much in the line of green goods that you are always sure of your purchases being fresh. When thinking about something dainty and nice for the table don't forget that we are always glad to send little purchases to the house in time for the next meal.

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Fourth St. and Fallowfield Ave. Charleroi, Pa.

Watch This Space for Announcement

BASEBALL

Charleroi Base Ball Park

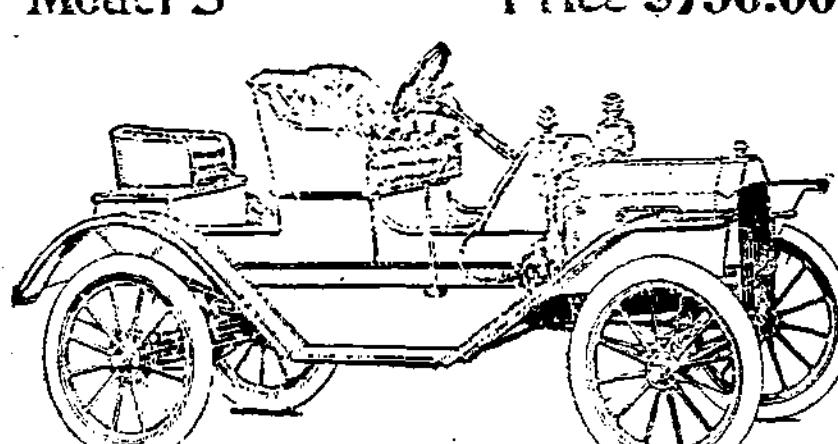
SCOTTDALE

VS.
CHARLEROI

July 6, 7 and 8

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FOUR CYLINDERS, 16-in. H. P.—40 MILES AN HOUR, 30 x 3 TIRES, EQUIPPED WITH 3 LAMPS, HORN AND STORAGE BATTERY.

Gards that entirely protect you from the mud.

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They are mostly gaily lithographed fellows filled with many "aforesaid" and "hereinafters."

They all promise you the same thing—protection.

The proof that the promise is protection lies in the past record and present condition of the issuing company.

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